

this place. We spent a most enjoyable day here going over their farm of about one hundred and fifty acres. They are experimenting with apples, plums, grapes, pears, persimmons, etc. The place is in good shape and things look pretty well. Early next morning, Saturday, January 31, 1914, we boarded the train for Bello Horizonte which we reached about noon. Bello Horizonte is a city of 45,000 to 50,000 people, the capital of Minas. It is laid out somewhat like Washington, D.C., with streets, avenues, and circles. I noticed in one of the parks here a very large concrete arch, made specially for children to skate upon. It struck me as a good thing. Enough of such circles in our city parks would afford pleasure to the children and tend to keep them off the streets and out of danger. We made quite a number of photographs here and developed them and those we made since leaving Lavras.

"On Wednesday, Feb. 4, 1914, we left for Lagoa Santa. We passed through a hilly broken country, similar in practically all respects to the country we have seen practically since leaving Rio de Janeiro. We arrived at Vespasiano the R. R. station where we leave the train to go to Lagoa Santa, about noon. We secured a snack at a stand at the station, and after arranging with a negro man with a 12 ox team to haul our baggage to Lagoa Santa, a distance of supposedly one league, about four miles, we shouldered our camera and started on foot. The colored man told us the road was crooked and we had better stay close to the cart. On top of the first high hill which we reached with shirts and in fact with coats dripping in perspiration (everyone wears a coat in this country, you can leave off the shirt, but you must have on a coat) we stopped to photograph an annonaceous fruit that was fully as large as a coconut. We also photographed the tree. By this time the ox cart was out of sight and out of hearing. We struck a good gait up the road, but after going about one-half a mile found to our dismay that there were three in place of one road and that they were about equally as much traveled. We were somewhat put out, but after examining the roads carefully, decided to take the center one. We walked pretty fast for about an hour and fortunately finally came up with the ox team. We arrived at Lagoa Santa about five or six o'clock, and a *deader* town one need not want to see. To our dismay, or rather supposedly discomfort, we found the hotel closed and could not find anyone to give us shelter or something to eat. We knew there was plenty of room on the ground in the fields, so made the best of it and proceeded to get a few photographs of this town in the interior of Brazil, made famous by the botanical studies of Warming years ago. When too dark to take photographs we returned to the store